



the **Furthest
Rings**
a homestuck
crossover zine

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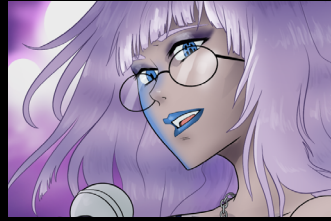
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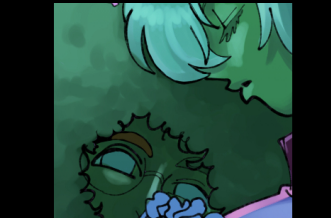
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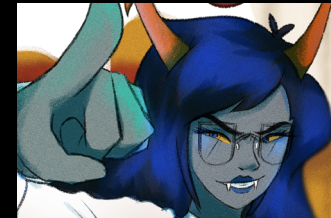
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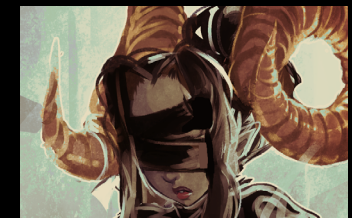
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"With Eyes Unclouded By Hate"

by floral marsupial

もののけ姫



Life is suffering.

It is hard.

There are ghosts all around us.

Everybody wants everything.

Fear and anger only make it grow faster!



The world
is cursed.

You cannot
alter your
fate.

It is possible
for wonderful
encounters and
beautiful things
to exist.

Yet.



REAL SPIES...only smaller



SPY kids



TRAPHIVE

20XX WORLD TOUR



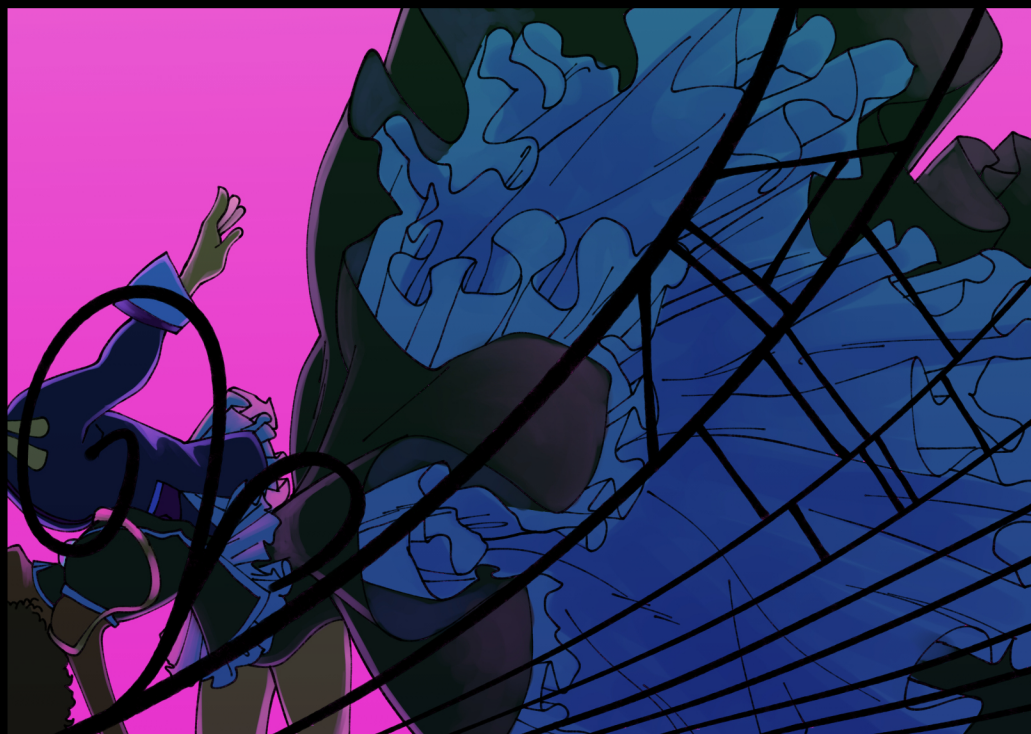
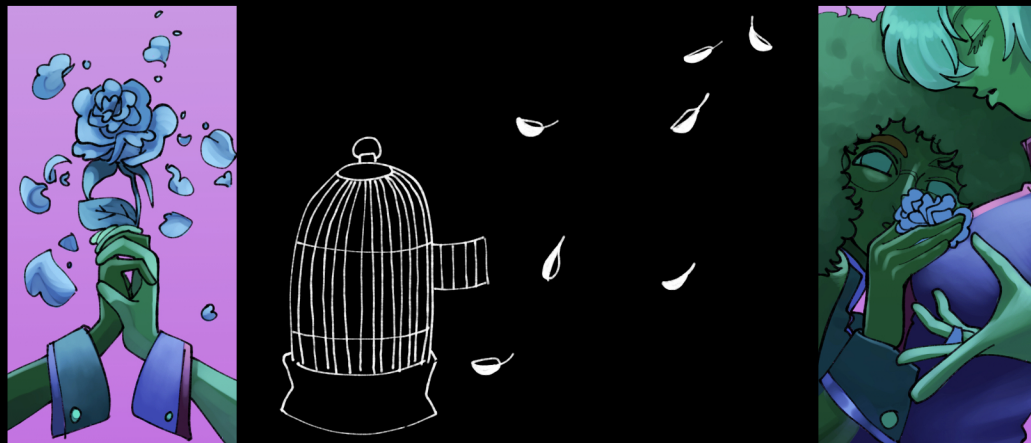
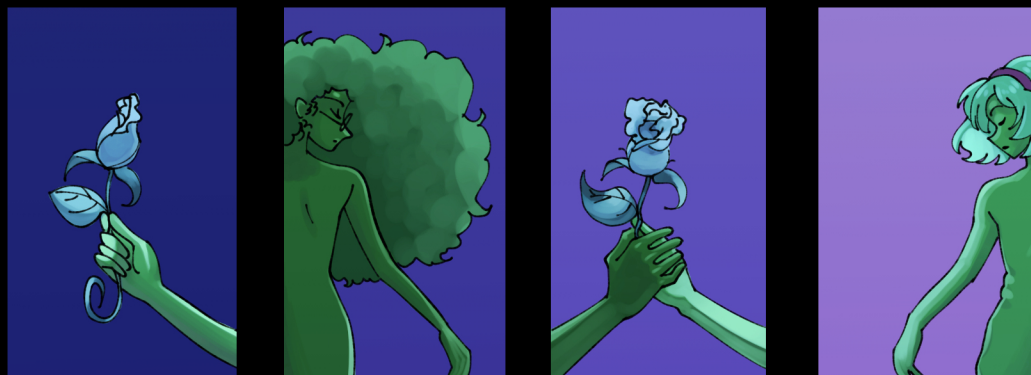




RoseJ



COSMIC PUNKED



femslashfatale



18

**[S]:MAKE
HER PAY.**



gold

Staring out into the wastelands, the Peregrine Mendicant wanted to weep. This was what war brought. Destruction and death, a silent nothingness that ate up cities and kingdoms, leaving the scattered survivors to try and survive an inevitable demise. Beside her, the Mayor was still, unmoving since Can City had been burned to ashes in the feud. Peace had been so short-lived, a bare moment when compared to the outstretched suffering that had followed. She wanted to curse the Gods for leaving, for abandoning them. They had left them a fragile civilisation, the soft beginnings of a society that still needed to grow safely and gently, and it had collapsed into ash.

She had known things were fragile, had known tensions ran deep. Things had started to go wrong when the trolls began to multiply at a ridiculous rate, far overtaking the birth rates of Carapacians and humans. Consequently, anti-troll sentiment started to rise, and it reached a point where several Mothergrub slurries were tainted, warped in an attempt to curb the birth of another hundred trolls. But something had happened, and a completely new race was born, a strange mixture of troll and Carapacian.

The problems only got worse from there, and she wonders if that was the moment everything began to cascade. The new race were called bugs, both due to their appearance and in a derogatory attempt to

de-personify them. They spread out across the land, few staying once they grew, as the prejudice against them slowly became more volatile. At that point, both she and the Mayor were well past middle-age, both tired and weary from ruling and organising thousands of citizens.

Was it any fault of theirs that they missed the signs, the growing resentment and calls for new leadership? They had heard whispers, but she hadn't actually thought...

They had come in the night, torches blazing and weapons raised as they stormed the capitol, with only violence and blood as their explanations. For freedom, they said with greed dripping past their lips, for equality, for the rightful heir to the throne.

They fled as the city burned behind them, ashes coating their shattered forms as they reeled over the events that had happened. Slowly, the war began to spread, violence tainting all the lands around them, and she could only watch in horror as the world they had worked so hard to build crumbled into broken pieces.

It was Exile all over again, except this time, there would be no hope. No Gods to save her, no ring to pull her out of the pit and give her the power she so desperately needed. Nothing but her and her poor best friend, the brother of her heart, his innocence and kindness shattered by the destruction of the world.

She hated them. They had torn the peace apart, fuelled by petty squabbles and

conniving minds squawking after more power. People split into factions, families were torn apart, children thrown to the mud and forgotten.

The poor, poor children. Tears slipped down her face. What would They say? What would the Gods say if They knew-?

A small, fragile hand wormed into her own, and she stared down at the empty visage of her dearest friend. The squeeze was gentle, and she let out a choked sob, her age dragging her down to the floor as she cradled him in her arms.

"I'm so sorry," she whispered into the wasteland. "I'll never let this happen again." It was a hollow promise, but one she meant all the same.

Within her heart, something whispered, bringing her gaze to the old volcano, the Forge that had been used to create this world. Something stirred deep inside her chest, and she knew that if they went towards it, maybe, just maybe, they could fix things. They could make it alright again. A spark of hope was lit again, and she tugged her dearest friend onwards, closer, closer to the mountain. The trek upwards was steep, even as they dragged each other higher and higher, until they finally reached the lip of the mountain. The lava had long since cooled, settled into hard rock and fertile earth.

And she saw something glimmer.

Hidden within the dirt, she found two rings. Two oh so familiar rings, ones that

she thought long destroyed in the creation of the universe. But no, the rings of the White King and Queen glimmered softly in the earth, and her heart clenched.

She could make things right.

She would make things right.

Her weathered fingers scrabbled through the soil, and she gently tugged the warm metal from its bed. The gold still gleamed, and she ran her fingers over the familiar curves and dips, relief spreading throughout her body.

"Hello, old friend," she mumbled into the nothing, her other hand reaching down to grasp at its sibling. Swivelling around to face her dearest friend, she offered up the ring to him in hope, desperation bleeding through her shell as she practically forced him to take it.

"We'll fix things, Mayor. We will, I promise. We'll make sure none of this can ever happen again," she explained hopefully, delight rushing through her head, but she could see the hesitation in his eyes. His fingers trembled, eyes meeting hers, and she swallowed. He ran his hand across hers, before closing it around the rings, grasping at her closed fist in sorrow.

It was a rejection, plain and simple, but—"Please," she begged quietly. "I can't do this without you."

She knew it was wrong of her to do this, to manipulate his attachments in such a way, but it was true. She could not do this alone. Not without him.

He looked at her knowingly, disappointment lining his form, but he allowed her to re-open her hand.

"Thank you," she said hoarsely, pressing her forehead against his, but he would not meet her eyes, instead holding out his own hand for the ring. She gladly gave it to him, excitement causing her hands to shake, and she examined her own ring closely.

"Are you ready?" she whispered hopefully, and after a moment, he nodded.

And she put her ring on.

Light spilled across the land, burning her eyes and body as the world turned golden. Her form grew, expanding beyond her usual aged frame, but even then she was bigger than the last form the ring gave her. She let out a hoarse scream as flames built up within her, molten gold being poured within her soul, and for a moment, she wondered if she had doomed them both.

She shut her eyes, and waited for it to finish.

When she woke from her slumber, she was wrapped tightly in silk, a gentle warmth spreading throughout her limbs. Blinking blearily, she reached out to grasp at the material, to break free and-

It tore like wet paper in her hands, and darkness wormed through the cracks, cold, but familiar. Slowly, she ripped her way out of her cocoon, writhing and squirming until finally, finally she broke free. Gold mingled with black, and she spotted a pair

of gleaming eyes within the void.

She smiled, fluttering closer with pale wings that seemed to coat the darkness with golden dust, and she pressed her head against the nothing. They had succeeded, had gained power beyond what was possible, perhaps even past the Gods. Like this, they would rebuild the world. Their kingdom would be one of safety.

No-one would be allowed to think of violence again. She would curb her subjects' thoughts and wills with her own.

It would be peaceful.

They would be happy.

It does not last. A reign like that is not sustainable, not when her brother abandons her for the depths to escape the world she has created. She continues her rule, but it falls at the hand of another, one with power in his fingertips as he rips her subjects from their gentle sleep. He banishes her from their memory, traps her in the dreams she once commanded, and she hates.

She will not lose, not again.

For she is the Radiance, golden and great, and she would not hesitate to reclaim what was theirs.

And she lets the infection spread free.



Cards don't have hearts, dumbass.

PHONE: *ring ring ring
ring...ring ring ring r-*
DAVE: hey whats shakin
JANE: Dirk, you better not have absconded from our scheduled duel today!
DAVE: oh hey
DAVE: i wasnt expecting a call from the billionaire bitch this early in the morning
JANE: Dave?
DAVE: the one and only
JANE: I'd prefer it if you at least called me the "gaming" billionaire bitch.
JANE: Please keep that in mind next time you answer me on Dirk's behalf!
DAVE: wow okay
DAVE: yeesh
JANE: It doesn't really sound like you quite understand why it's so important to refer to me as a gamer, so I'll take pity on you and educate you on this topic.
DAVE: gee thanks how could i ever possibly repay you
JANE: With Industrial Illusions, the origin company of Duel Monsters, seemingly having stopped production due to the disappearance and possible death of its CEO, Maximillion Pegasus...
JANE: CrockerCorp is current-

ly the number one gaming company on the planet.
JANE: And I'd like to communicate that fact to people as much as I possibly can.
JANE: Now can you tell me where Dirk is? He should be getting ready for-
DAVE: listen if youre just here to chitchat about card games or whatever with the guy who has literally taken residence in my soul then go ahead i guess
JANE: Oh come on. You can't honestly expect me to believe that you're doing anything but physically switching places with the man.
DAVE: youre as skeptical as ever
DAVE: honestly at this point no i really dont
DAVE: hold on ill get him
DAVE: YUGIOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHH-HHHHHH
DAVE: bwaaah bwah
bwaaaaaaaah
DAVE: ba duhhhhn duuuuhn duuuuuuuuhn.....
DIRK: Alright, what's up.
JANE: Does he have to do that every single time?
DIRK: We prefer it that way.
JANE: You weren't thinking of weaseling your way out of our duel today, were you?

DIRK: Of course not.
DIRK: I wouldn't dream of impeding your attempts at a comeback any other way than winning against you. I'll be there.
DIRK: I mean, for the love of god, you held a citywide tournament just to have the chance to beat me at this card game. That level of dedication is something I can't help but respect.
JANE: No need to kiss my ass, Dirk. That's not going to deter me in my ongoing quest to reclaim my spot as the number one duelist in the world.
JANE: Before we duel today on the rooftop of CrockerCorp Headquarters, I wanted to ask you a question.
JANE: Why is it that time after time, again and again, I *always* find myself only second best, in comparison to you!?
JANE: Why, in your own personal opinion, do you believe that I've fallen from grace, ever since you beat me with Exodia in that fateful game months ago?
DIRK: First of all, are we seriously dueling on the fucking rooftop?
DIRK: Because I just wanted

to say, I really fucking love rooftop duels. You know me too well.
JANE: Oh, of course. Only the most dramatic of arenas can suffice for a battle of wits between minds like ours.
JANE: I am surprised, though. Weren't you the slightest bit traumatized by that...other rooftop duel we had, back in Duelist Kingdom?
DIRK: Dave was traumatized, sure. Not me, though.
DIRK: Frankly, I was just surprised I never thought of your suicidal game-winning tactic earlier. It's exactly the sort of needlessly intense, self-loathing, theatrically dramatic energy I try to smother myself in every single day.
DIRK: I'd put it into action myself, but I suppose I'm too busy winning to ever really get the chance.
JANE: Charming and overconfident as always, I see.
DIRK: Second of all...
DIRK: If I had to put it in my own words, I'd say it's because I believe in the Heart of the Cards, and use that to my advantage.
JANE: ...
JANE: Not giving a straight

answer, I see. Well, fuck you too, Dirk.

DIRK: Not that I don't acknowledge or admire your well-pointed scorn towards me, but I'm being completely serious.

DIRK: The Heart of the Cards isn't JUST an absurd marketing tactic to sell pieces of cardboard to me, Jane. It's much more.

DIRK: A deck is made of 40 cards, plus whatever's in your Extra Deck.

DIRK: And any duelist that creates their own deck puts a little bit of their own soul into every card they choose, every piece of the puzzle that makes up their own personal strategy.

DIRK: On some level, I think you know what I'm talking about. The Blue-Eyes White Dragon is at the heart of your deck, after all.

JANE: ...Go on.

DIRK: And so is Saggi the Dark Clown.

JANE: Do NOT bring that card up.

DIRK: Why not? It's not like I'm kinkshaming you or anything.

DIRK: Unless...

JANE: If you utter another

word about the clown that lurks in my deck, then I'll make sure to come over to your game shop and punch you in the face myself, do you hear me!?

DIRK: Fine, fine.

DIRK: Would it have been better if I said Obelisk the Tormentor? Because last time I checked, he was in my deck, and not yours.

DIRK: Should I bring him for old times' sake? Or should I just leave the Egyptian Gods in the suburban household they currently reside in?

JANE: Are you going to get to the point of your ramblings or not, Strider? You are honestly starting to test my patience.

DIRK: The point is, our decks are essentially a representation of our own souls.

DIRK: The decks ARE souls, in themselves, and every card is a piece of it.

DIRK: So when I say that I believe in the Heart of the Cards, it's because I'm using my connection to my cards to...

DIRK: Well, break the boundaries between my soul and the soul of the cards I'm playing.

DIRK: And because of that, my deck can feel exactly what I feel. My deck responds to me, what I need.

DIRK: And I can control that.

DIRK: And so I do. Which

makes any card I draw...exactly what I need.

JANE:

DIRK: You didn't see it right now since we're on a phone call, but I totally just drew the Dark Magician off the top

of my deck to make a point out of this.

JANE: Are you trying to tell me that you love these cards so much they cheat for you?

DIRK: Maybe.

JANE: That's the most fucking ridiculous thing I've ever heard.

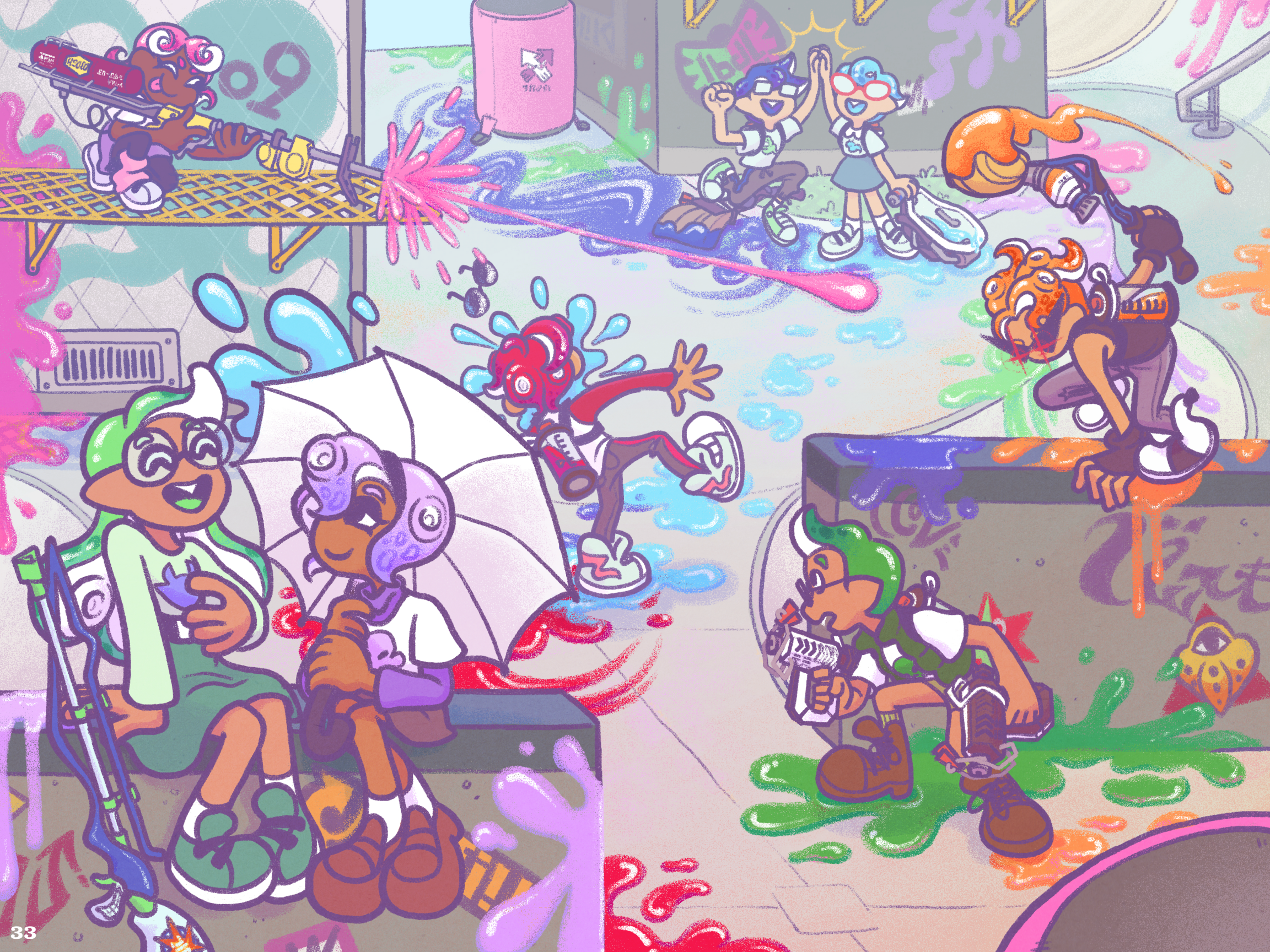
JANE: Just get over to the rooftop and duel me already, okay?

DIRK: Alright, see you soon.









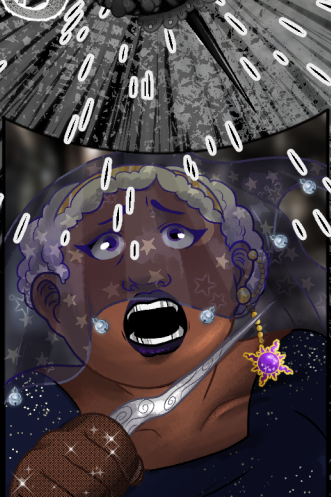


DAVE STINDER
VS. THE WORLD

im sorry, everyone...

sorry for letting
you all down

in the end



DRAKER
2020





SOUL EATER

UNTHRAINE







Pr0ject: Dem0ness